THE CHOATE STORY BOOK

AFTER·DINNER·SPEECHES TOASTS·JOKES·AND·JESTS

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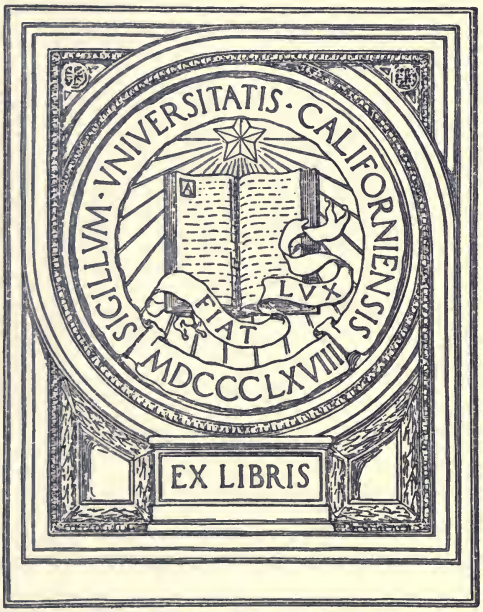

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Choate, Joseph Hodges
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THE CHOATE STORY BOOK

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

HON. JOSEPH H. CHOATE

CAMERON, BLAKE & CO.

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FOREWORDS.

This little compendium needs no words of introduction. The wit and eloquence of Joseph H. Choate speak for themselves. In the law, in politics and literature, he is a shining light among Americans. An account of his life and his work, and specimens of his wit and wisdom, are well worthy of a collected and permanent form.

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THE CHOATE STORY BOOK.

I.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE was born at Salem, Massachusetts, January 24, 1832. He was the youngest of four brothers. His father was Dr. George Choate, and his mother Margaret Manning Hodges.

The Choates have an interesting lineage traceable centuries back from France, through Holland to England, and thence to Ipswich, Massachusetts. The family was one of the oldest in New England. The earliest ancestor, John Choate, became a citizen of Massachusetts in 1667. The grandson of this first ancestor, also named John, was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature from 1741 till 1761, and for the five years following a member of the

Governor's Council. The family was noted throughout for its strength of character and mental vigor.

None bearing the honored name has achieved the celebrity, however, of Rufus Choate, that great legal light of New England, and none hold him in greater reverence than his equally distinguished nephew, Joseph H. Choate, who, at the unveiling of the statue of his uncle in the Suffolk County Courthouse of Boston, showed loving admiration and just pride in his eloquent tribute. In speaking of the lineage and training of the elder Choate, he said:

"He came of a long line of pious and devout ancestors, whose living was as plain as their thinking was high. It was from father and mother that he derived the flame of intellect, the glow of spirit, and the beauty of temperament that was so unique. And his nurture to manhood was worthy of the child. It was the 'nurture and admonition of the Lord.' From that rough, pine cradle, which is still preserved in the room where he was born, to his premature grave, at the age of fifty-nine, it was one

long course of training and discipline of mind and character, without pause or rest. It began with that well-thumbed and dog's-eared Bible from Hog Island, its leaves actually worn away by the pious hands that had turned them; read daily in the family from January to December, in at Genesis and out at Revelation every two years; and when a child was born in the household the only celebration, the only festivity, was to turn back to the first chapter and read once more how 'in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, and all that in them is.'

"And upon this solid rock of the Scriptures he built a magnificent structure of knowledge and acquirement, to which few men in America have attained. . . . His splendid and blazing intellect, fed and enriched by constant study of the best thoughts of the great minds of the race, his all-persuasive eloquence, his teeming and radiant imagination, whirling his hearers along with it and sometimes overpowering himself, his brilliant and sportive fancy lighting up the most arid subjects with the

glow of sunrise, his prodigious and never-failing memory, and his playful wit always bursting forth with irresistible impulse, have been the subject of scores of essays and criticisms, all struggling with the vain effort to describe and crystallize the fascinating and magical charm of his speech and his influence."

It may be well to briefly state that Rufus Choate was born in Essex, Massachusetts, October 1, 1799. He entered Dartmouth College in 1815, becoming a tutor there on graduation. He studied in the Cambridge Law School, and commenced practicing in Danvers in 1824. He was elected to the legislature in 1825, to the State Senate in 1827, and to Congress in 1832. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1841 on Webster's retirement, and resigned in 1845. He practiced in Boston from that time until he died, July 13, 1859.

It has been said of Rufus Choate that the wit of all other American advocates could not exceed his. In reply to counsel who said that his client did not come by his patent naturally, he exclaimed: "Naturally! Why, we don't do any-

thing naturally. Why, naturally a man would walk down Washington street with his pantaloons off." Thus he described the indefinite boundary line between Rhode Island and Massachusetts: "It is like starting at a bush, thence to a bluejay, thence to a hive of bees in swarming time, thence to three hundred foxes with firebrands on their tails." Of a party in a suit: "Why doesn't he pay back the money he has so ill got? He is so much of a villain that he wouldn't if he could, and so much of a bankrupt that he couldn't if he would." Of a crooked flight of stairs : "How drunk a man must be to climb those stairs." Of a woman: "She is a sinner—no, not a sinner, for she is our client; but she is a very disagreeable saint."

Of an improbable narrative he said: "The story is as unlike truth as a pebble is like a star —a witch's broomstick unlike a banner staff." Of a cunning witness: "He is quick, keen, knows when to hold his tongue with the cunning of a bushy-tailed fox—all's right." Of an unseaworthy vessel: "The vessel, after leaving the smooth water of Boston harbor, encoun-

tered the eternal motion of the ocean which has been there from creation, and will be there until land and sea shall be no more. She went down the harbor a painted and perfidious thing, soul-freighted, but a coffin for the living, a coffin for the dead."

This story of Rufus Choate is recalled: By overwork he had shattered his health. Edward Everett expostulated with him on one occasion, saying:

"My dear friend, if you are not more self-considerate, you will ruin your constitution."

"Oh," replied the legal wag, "the constitution was destroyed long ago. I'm living on the by-laws."

Like the great Daniel Webster, and many other men of genius, he had the reputation of being careless in his own money matters. A Middlesex lawyer, calling upon him on business, expressed his astonishment at the extent of Choate's library. "Yes," he said, "more books than I can pay for—that's the bookseller's matter, not mine." There is a story that Webster once met him in front of the Merchants' Bank

and called to him: "Come here, I want $500; I want you to endorse my note." "Make it $1,000," said Choate; "I want $500, too."

One can readily see to what extent ancestry has bestowed upon Joseph H. Choate. In mind he is a counterpart of his illustrious uncle, but in personal appearance he differs greatly from Rufus Choate. "Rufus was tall, skinny, dark, cavernous, hairy, explosive and eccentric," says Joe Howard; "Joseph is tall, well-proportioned, with a medium head of hair, courteous, affable, jocular, sarcastic and temperate."

Little is recorded of Joseph Choate's boyhood. That he was precocious is amply attested by the fact that he entered Harvard at the age of sixteen, and while a student at Harvard he was a participant in no less than twenty-four public debates, and he won them all. Mr. Choate was the most brilliant student at the university. He was graduated at the head of his class in 1852, and two years later graduated from the Harvard Law School.

While in college he became a member of the

Alpha Delta Phi society, and in his later life was president of the Alpha Delta Phi club in New York City. His brother, William Gardner Choate, who became United States judge for the southern district of New York State, went through college and the law school with him.

After studying in a Boston lawyer's office for a few months, he was admitted to the Massachusetts bar in 1855. In the fall of that year he visited various Western States, and then returned to New York. His first year in the metropolis was passed in the office of the firm of which James C. Carter was a member. When he had mastered the New York code he formed a partnership with W. H. L. Barnes, Esq. This connection continued for four years until, June 1, 1859, he found his permanent professional home with the great firm of Evarts, Southmayd & Choate, which succeeded Butler, Evarts & Southmayd, and afterward became Evarts, Choate & Beaman. Mr. Evarts was then in the prime of his powers. It was a great advantage and a great trial for a young lawyer to be

associated with men of this stamp, and Mr. Choate reaped the full advantage.

The period in which Mr. Choate began his career in New York is commonly referred to as the golden age of the metropolitan bar. James T. Brady was a conspicuous figure in the popular eye; Charles O'Connor had already made a deep and lasting impression; William M. Evarts was in the front rank of politics, as well as of law.

It was not very long ago that Joseph H. Choate, chatting in a club with some lawyers about his career, said:

"I came to New York absolutely unknown, with no money. In fact, I had nothing but my diploma, and a letter from my uncle to W. M. Evarts."

Whereat there was great laughter, for each of those who heard knew that a letter from Rufus Choate was worth more than many thousands of dollars. For Rufus Choate was probably the greatest legal genius the country has known.

In 1861 Mr. Choate married Miss Caroline

W. Sterling, who was a native of Cleveland, Ohio. There is a bit of romance connected with her girlhood. In 1850 Fred A. Sterling, Sr., and wife, moved to Cleveland, taking up their home in a small frame house on Euclid Avenue. Their children were Fred A. Sterling, Professor Theo. Sterling, of Kenyon College, and Caroline W. Sterling. Caroline was a popular young woman. Miss Sterling became a devotee of art. She studied painting. She went to New York to study with Thomas Rossiter. Her study began, but she met the young lawyer, Mr. Choate. Their friendship ripened. Then came the announcement that they would be married. The ceremony took place in New York. Mrs. Choate gave up her art, but not her love of it. Mr. and Mrs. Choate have three children, George, Joseph and Mabel. The son, Joseph H. Choate, Jr., was class-day poet at Harvard in June, 1898. Forty-five years before that month his father was salutatorian of his class at the same university.

During his long career as a lawyer, Mr. Choate has been engaged in a large number of

important cases—memorable in the legal annals and even in the history of the United States. His solidity, his learning, and his power in cross-examination have given him his pre-eminence, but he has oratorical gifts as well —often more feared than admired, it is said; stinging sarcasm being one of them. "The fees paid to him," it is added by an acquaintance, "have established a record, and there is hardly a famous case but he has had some hand in it." Among lawyers there is a saying that Mr. Choate's contemporaries divide among them one-half of the leading business of the courts, and Mr. Choate has the other half to himself.

In all the important will cases of twenty-five years, including the litigation over the Vanderbilt, Tilden, Stewart, Hoyt, Cruger, Drake and Hopkins wills, Mr. Choate appeared. He was counsel in the great Huntington case, in which a series of actions were brought against Collis P. Huntington on account of transactions in Central Pacific Railroad stock. Roscoe Conkling made his first appearance in the State courts as Mr. Huntington's counsel. In the

case of Richard M. Hunt *vs.* Mrs. Paran Stevens Mr. Choate was counsel for the plaintiff. In the Maynard election returns cases, involving charges of fraud against Judge Maynard; in the court martial trials of the Fitz-John Porter and Captain McCalla cases; in the investigation of the Vigilant-Valkyrie yacht contest before the New York Yacht Club; in the suit of Hutchinson *vs.* New York Stock Exchange for reinstatement as a member of the Exchange; in the suit of Loubat against the Union Club for reinstatement as a member, and in many others, Mr. Choate gave notable exhibitions of his power.

In the United States Supreme Court the list of his notable appearances is a long one. It includes the case of Gebhard *vs.* the Canada Southern Railway; the Kansas Prohibition case; the case of Neagle, the United States marshal who shot Judge Terry in defense of Mr. Justice Field, and whom Mr. Choate successfully defended; the Chinese exclusion cases; the California irrigation cases; the Stanford will case, involving the fate of the

Stanford University; the Bell Telephone cases; the Behring Sea cases; the income tax cases; the Texas trust law case; the New York Indian case; the Berdan Arms case, and the Southern Pacific land grant cases, involving the title to large areas of Western territory.

Mr. Choate is famous as a cross-examiner. His manner is invariably quiet. He rises and advances to the railing as near the witnesses as possible. Then he puts his head forward as near the witness as he can get it, and begins the battle. He never loses his temper and never raises his voice. He always lets the witness take his own course first, and it is several minutes before he asks a question in which he is really interested. If the answer is unsatisfactory he immediately drops the subject, lets the witness wander away for a little while, and finally brings him gently back to the same question. Again and again he will do this, and the circles continually narrow until the witness cannot stir, and must either answer the question or flatly refuse it. The truth usually comes out either way.

Mr. Choate's devotion to great corporations and to trusts has been purely professional. In the freedom of public speaking outside the courts he has not hesitated to make them, and the financiers who control them, the butts of his caustic humor.

When Mr. Choate left the law schools and entered real life he laid out for himself certain standards of conduct, which he has maintained till the present day. It was even said of him that he had a finer moral fiber and a keener conscience than his celebrated uncle, Rufus Choate, was thought to possess. He had lofty conceptions of public duty, and the responsibilities of governments, from which he has not swerved. A Republican he entered life, and a Republican he has remained through all the momentous struggles and tremendous political issues of the last fifty years, and there are probably few men who possess a better conception of real Republican principles than this New Englander of Salem.

Mr. Choate's Republicanism has been of that robust character which would never be satisfied

with anything but the highest and best in purposes and methods. He would never indorse themaxim that "the end justifies the means," however ignoble the means. He often found himself in antagonism with those who set themselves up as the "bosses" of his party. This antagonism has not had the effect, however, of weakening his influence, but has made him cordially hated by "machine men" of all parties. He might have had public offices over and over again if he had really wished for them and worked for them, but somehow he never seemed to care about entering the political field. When approached on the matter and urged to go in and win, he used to say: "The law is a jealous mistress, and will tolerate no rival; I love my profession, and, besides, I live by it, and I am going to be faithful to it."

One of his admirers says of him that he has been content with the honors of his professional successes, and of his appearance in exciting political campaigns and in critical stages of the municipal affairs of New York City. "When the need of his aid is apparent, when a public

task worthy of his powers demands attention, he is quick to respond."

He took a prominent part in the municipal canvass of 1871, which resulted in the overthrow of the Tweed ring—the ring that had systematically plundered the civic treasury. In political life he never hesitated in denouncing abuses, and he has been especially eloquent in attacking the municipal misgovernment of New York. In 1897 he strongly supported Seth Low, and in short belongs to the very highest class of public men in America. If he has made any political enemies it has been by the ruthless severity with which he condemned the wire-puller and the boss.

He never held office, unless his election as president of the convention that met in 1894 to revise the Constitution of New York State be regarded as an exception. He was president of the New England Society from 1867 to 1871, president of the Harvard Club from 1874 to 1878, and president of the Union League Club from 1873 to 1877. His addresses before these various bodies are regarded as uniformly bril-

liant efforts, models of eloquence, and abounding, like his addresses in court, in wit and humor.

In the social world Mr. Choate has exercised a leadership comparable with his professional supremacy. He maintains active membership in many clubs, including the Union League, City, University, Metropolitan, Riding, New York Athletic and Grolier. He belongs also to the Bar Association, the American Society of Natural History, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Century Association, the Dunlop Society, and the Down-Town Association.

Mr. Choate made his first appearance as a political orator in New York in the Fremont campaign in 1856. His *début* as an after-dinner speaker was made at a St. George society dinner not long thereafter. On both platforms he scored an immediate success, and he has spoken in every political canvass since, and almost at every public dinner. Mr. Depew has said of him: "He is one of the few lawyers who has demonstrated his ability to speak with equal eloquence from the platform and in the

forum. He has a dignified, gracious and commanding presence, added to superior ability, great acquirements and oratorical power."

Mr. Choate's ideal of "success," as drawn forth in an interview, is the attainment of a large capacity for work—for accomplishment. Wealth, leisure, sumptuous surroundings, "the contest of idleness, knowing that enough has been done"—these, to common minds the markings of success, have for him no such significance. There are nobler things to be sought. The others are but "trappings, which neither add to nor detract from character." He has always been an eloquent advocate of social, charitable and educational movements. His executive abilities are conceded to be great. His power of sustained and systematic labor is unusual. His cultivation of mind and urbanity of spirit, his geniality and his gift of repartee, have given him remarkable popularity.

During his long residence in New York Mr. Choate passed his summers in a beautiful house that was erected for him in 1885, by Sandford White, in the village of Stockbridge, in the fa-

mous Berkshire Hills, in the western part of Massachusetts. Stockbridge is five miles south of Lenox. There are fewer people and less excitement there than in Lenox, and for that reason he selected that place in preference to the latter, so as to get away from people and not continue the winter life all through the summer. Besides, he considered Stockbridge the prettiest village in New England. He remained away from New York for three months. As he modestly said: "The courts are closed during the summer months, and I am no longer of any use in our office."

He is a pilgrim of the Pilgrims, and nothing appears to arouse his patriotic spirit like the forefathers of his beloved New England. He has given to literature two large and well-written volumes on the history of the Pilgrim Fathers. His favorite studies are constitutional law and English and French history. His favorite authors are George Eliot and Thackeray. He likes William Dean Howells as a novelist, and is a great novel reader. He reads almost everything. In his workroom have

been noticed these books: "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "Cicero on the Immortality of the Soul," Smollet's translation of "Gil Blas of Santillane," Demogeot's "Historie de la Literature Française," and James Freeman Clarke's "Common Sense in Religion." On Mr. Choate's mantelpiece are four busts of old Emperor William, Von Moltke, Emperor Frederick and Bismarck. With them are five old-fashioned beer mugs, and a long German pipe hangs on the wall. A passion and a pleasure with him is the collecting of manuscripts of famous lawyers. In his office and in his library at home are scores of specimens from the quills of Chief Justice Marshall, John Jay, William Pinckney, Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr, Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, and many other legal luminaries of the first magnitude.

Mr. Choate has a splendid physique, and a large, intelligent face. He has brown hair and light brown eyes; his forehead is broad, but not very high. His voice is tenor in quality, musical, flexible, under control and effective, especially when used in sarcasm. He is always

at ease, stands unpretentiously, sometimes with a hand in his trouser's pocket, or a thumb and forefinger thrust into the vest pocket after the English fashion. Affability and dignity characterize his bearing always. He has fewer wrinkles than most men twenty years his junior. The secret of this is perhaps that he has never been in a hurry—that he has never known what it is to worry. Unlike the majority of the Americans, he has never known what it is to "hustle," and struggle morning, noon and night, but goes steadily through life, working hard, and always looking on the bright side.

He believes in happiness and good cheer as promoters of longevity, and we would judge him as one of those New England pilgrims—"who meet annually at Delmonico's to drown the sorrows and sufferings of their ancestors in the flowing bowl, and to contemplate their own virtues in the mirror of history."

II.

IN JEST AND EARNEST.

YALE AND HARVARD.

SOMEBODY said at a college dinner: "Why, Yale is everywhere!" "Yes," interjected Choate, "and she always finds Harvard there when she arrives."

HASH.

Mr. Choate went into a restaurant and asked a waiter what they had for dinner. "Everything," roared the waiter. "Bring it in," was Mr. Choate's reply. "One order of hash," yelled the waiter, and Mr. Choate fainted.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

"Now," said Mr. Choate, glancing up ad-

miringly at the ladies' gallery at Delmonico's, abloom with lovely women, "now I understand what the Scripture phrase means: 'Thou madest man a little lower than the angels.'"

ON HIS AMBASSADORSHIP.

"I doubt if any man ever before found his countrymen so glad to get rid of him. As to my recent appointment, I've been told that I resembled the English convicts who are sent to Botany Bay, in that I am sent abroad for my country's good."

EMBARRASSED.

Mr. Choate was embarrassed only once in his long legal career. That was when in a New York courtroom, a large, rotund and grateful black woman, for whom he won an important case, ran at him to bestow a thankful kiss on his lips.

ON JUDICIAL LEARNING.

In a Cooper Institute meeting the discussion

was about Tammany's judicial nomination of a wealthy young man. Mr. Choate spoke of the nominee in the most friendly terms, but added: "Yes, he is a capable young man. In his term of fourteen years he will learn enough to be a judge."

PLAIN LIVING.

At a college dinner Mr. Choate was called upon to speak from Wordsworth's famous line:

"Plain living and high thinking are no more."

Mr. Choate said: "Plain living is hard to undertake in these days of luxury, and high thinking is very painful in these times, when the average man gets his ideas for the day from his morning newspaper."

ON GENERAL GRANT.

Mr. Choate can rise to flights of eloquence. "How," he asked, in introducing General Grant, "could the United States of America be so fitly represented and responded to as by that

great soldier, who long ago spoke for her at the cannon's mouth, in thunder tones that still echo around the globe."

BOYS WHO GO WRONG.

"I have heard it said among young men and boys that they do not have the chance now that their fathers had—that the great corporations are destroying the chances of the young man. But no matter what the conditions are there seems to be a percentage of boys who are destined to go wrong."

MONEY AND INSURANCE.

Concerning mutual insurance companies, Mr. Choate said in an argument before the Supreme Court: "The modern insurance company is a moneyed monster. It lives upon money; it swallows money; it digests money; it breathes money; it lays golden eggs by the basket, and then wraps a few of its coils around them and hatches them into fresh accumulations."

ON RUFUS CHOATE.

Mr. Choate, speaking at the unveiling of his uncle, Rufus Choate, the orator and patriot, said: "His greatness should be ascribed to the study of the Bible. His nurture began with that well-thumbed, dog's-eared Bible which, so early absorbed and never forgotten, saturated his mind and spirit more than all other books combined."

SEATS FOR THE MIGHTY.

A pompous young man bustled into his office. "This Mr. Choate?" "Yes," responded the distinguished lawyer, with his blandest smile. "Well, I'm Mr. Wilberforce, of Wilberforce & Jones." "Take a chair, sir," said Choate, with a wave of his hand. "My father was a cousin of Bishop Wilberforce, and I——" "Take two chairs," said Mr. Choate.

AFTER-DINNER ORATORY.

At a dinner of the St. Nicholas Club, to an anecdote about himself told by Dr. Depew,

Mr. Choate retorted: "I've heard Depew hailed as the greatest after-dinner speaker in America. If after-dinner speaking is, as I believe it is defined, the art of saying nothing at all, then Dr. Depew is the most marvelous speaker in the universe."

A MOUNTAIN OF DEBT.

In the suit of Hunt, the great architect, against Mrs. Paran Stevens, Mr. Choate dwelt upon her humble origin and her successive rises in the social world, concluding with, "At last the arm of royalty was bent to receive her gloved hand, and how, gentlemen of the jury, did she reach this imposing eminence?" (Pause.) "Upon a mountain of unpaid bills."

THE PILGRIM MOTHERS.

In joking he spares not even his own ancestors. The Choate family is one of the oldest in New England, yet Mr. Choate said at a New England Society dinner:

"The Pilgrim fathers had a great deal to

endure; but they were not the greatest heroes in New England. Consider the burden that was borne by the Pilgrim mothers. They had to endure, not only the snow-bound wilderness and the cruel Indians, but the Pilgrim fathers also, compared with which all other discomforts were nothing."

MRS. CHOATE'S SECOND HUSBAND.

One of his wittiest sayings was made over a private dinner table, at which he and Mrs. Choate were guests. Some one inquired of him who he would like to be if he could not be himself. He paused a few seconds, as if thinking over the list of the world's celebrities, and then his eye rested upon his wife. "If," he answered, "I could not be myself, I should like to be Mrs. Choate's second husband."

LEGAL WIT.

In the Stokes trial A. B. Boardman, the opposing attorney, said: "My client is tired of

lawyers. They have cheated him enough, and now he prefers to put the matter before a jury."

"I hope," said Choate, with his suave tone so well known, "that my brother has done nothing to forfeit his client's confidence," and even the grave justices had to smile, while Boardman bit his lip.

ON THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.

Mr. Choate says: "The life and power and progress of America have just begun. I have heard it said there was no chance for our boys to succeed and rise in life now on account of the consolidation and concentration of enterprises in great organizations. I think there never was such a prospect before as there is in our country to-day. A new era of prosperity and progress has opened that will outshine anything recorded in the annals of our history."

RUSSELL SAGE.

"Speak louder, Mr. Sage," said Mr. Choate to the aged financier when he had him on the

stand in the Laidlaw suit. "Speak as loud as if you were buying 1,000 shares of Missouri, Kansas and Texas on the Stock Exchange."

Mr. Choate, on that occasion, took Mr. Sage back to his boyhood days, when he traded jack-knives and various knick nacks.

"Were you as clever, Mr. Sage," asked Mr. Choate, "in trading buttons as you are now reputed to be in trading railroads?"

REBUKING A CHIEF JUSTICE.

Mr. Choate is a brave man. In the Supreme Court, general term, when he was arguing an important case, Chief Justice Van Brunt wheeled around in his chair and began a chat with Justice Andrews. Mr. Choate ceased speaking; Justice Van Brunt turned and looked inquiringly.

"Your honor," said Mr. Choate, "I have just forty minutes in which to make my final argument. I shall need not only every second of that time to do it justice, but I shall also need your undivided attention."

He got it.

CHOATE AND DEPEW.

In replying to a toast at a public dinner Mr. Choate said: "A reporter asked me last week for this speech. I told him I had no copy. How can I make an after-dinner speech before dinner? Said he: 'Well, we have Mr. Depew's in cold type.'" Mr. Depew spoke shortly after. "The reporter," he said, "called on me and said, as to Choate, 'I have them all,' but also added, 'Have you any poetry in yours?' Said I, 'No.' 'Well,' said he, 'Choate has.' And after reading it I came to the conclusion that he must have written it himself."

ON MR. DEPEW.

A little girl being sent to spend the afternoon with friends was told to be seen and not heard. When the child came back she said she had been very good—had said nothing, but listened to everything. "And now, dear mamma," asked this little chit, "what is a Chauncey-Depew that everybody was talking about?"

"That little girl's mother," Mr. Choate con-

cluded, "looked at her darling and then said, deprecatingly: 'Ah, my dear little one, you are not old enough to understand those things yet.'"

MILLIONAIRES.

At a charity entertainment Mr. Choate said: "Pick out your millionaires—and there are twelve hundred of them in this city. Their money is corrupting them and their families all the time. Each one of you pick out your millionaire, take him by the throat, and ask him for his money.

"Of course," he added, chuckling, "you may think it a little humiliating to ask a rich man to disgorge his money. I have not found it so myself. But don't approach him through his wife. Let some other man's wife go to him."

A HOME BEYOND THE GRAVE.

When arguing an inheritance case his opponent made one or two rude thrusts against him. Mr. Choate thereupon arose quietly and said:

"My esteemed friend's castigation makes me take a brotherly interest in the man who said he had bought a house on the other side of Greenwood Cemetery because he wanted a home beyond the grave." The opposing lawyer collapsed, because he lived not far from Greenwood, and his dead client had had anything but a home on earth.

ON PENURIOUSNESS.

"It has been said that a man, if he is ever going to save anything, must begin before he is thirty, even if he lays up only a little at a time. It is equally certain that if a man if ever going to extend a helping hand to charity he must begin about the same age. But when he does not begin right the habit of closeness grows with his age, and he gets worse and worse as he grows older. That's the reason why you find so many curmudgeons in New York. To approach them for money brings a quaking and terror to their hearts and pocketbooks."

WINNING A VERDICT.

Mr. Choate tried a case involving $6,000,000. He had the jury with him from that moment in his opening when he said:

"You are here to determine which of two men is the rightful owner of six millions of dollars. There is no opportunity for an appeal to your sympathies. It is not a case of rich against poor, capital against labor, power against weakness."

Then he described his own client as a prudent, solid, substantial business man, and his opponent in the suit as a citizen of San Francisco, where "he owns many houses, many railroads, many banks, many newspapers, many judges, many legislatures."

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

In the summing up of one of the numerous phases of the Paran Stevens estate litigations, Mr. Choate said: "For the last week, gentlemen of the jury, we have been engaged here in bitter contest. It has tired us all. Coming by my

children's nursery door this morning it was soothing to the ear to hear the children recite the nursery ballad of the 'House that Jack Built,' for this, gentlemen, is the house that Jack built. My client (Architect Hunt) is the unfortunate Jack, and (with a deferential bow to Mrs. Stevens) the lady in the case may be called the 'maiden that milked the cow with the crumpled horn,' which might stand for the somewhat crumpled Stevens estate."

RETORT OF A WITNESS.

Mr. Choate tells of the only time his serenity was ever ruffled when cross-questioning a witness. It was during a famous will case, and Felix McClusky, formerly doorkeeper of the House of Representatives, was the witness.

"Now, Mr. McClusky," insinuatively asked Mr. Choate, "isn't it true that you are the modern Munchausen?"

"You're the second blackguard that has asked me that in a week," roared McClusky. "An'——" The roar of laughter, in which the surrogate himself joined, drowned the re-

mainder of Mr. McClusky's retort, and it was fully five minutes before business went on again.

ON LORD ABERDEEN.

A characteristic remark of Mr. Choate was made about Lord Aberdeen at a dinner in New York, where the then Governor-General of Canada was the principal guest, appearing in kilts, in honor of his Scotch entertainers. Aberdeen had made a neat speech, and the applause had hardly ceased when Choate was introduced, and proceeded to say some complimentary things of the last speaker and to declare that if he had known that he was to be permitted to sit next to his distinguished Scotch friend, the Governor-General of Canada, "this Gordon of the Gordons," he, too, would have come without his trousers. It was audacious, but the kilted guest was soonest to catch its humor and led the laughter it produced.

NATURAL GAS.

"There is a town in western New York,"

says Chauncey M. Depew, "that bears my name, and in this town some persons by boring tapped a natural gas well, and thereupon formed 'The Depew Natural Gas Company, Limited.' Mr. Choate and I met shortly after this on a public occasion, when both were set down for speeches. He had the last word. Afer dealing with other matters he drew from his pocket the prospectus of the gas company and read it. Then he looked the company over, looked at me, and reading the title at the head of the prospectus, queried with quiet emphasis: "Why limited?"

ON CLARENCE COOK.

In the Cesnola libel case, which raised the question of the authenticity of the collection of antiquities stored in the Museum of Art in Central Park, Mr. Choate was counsel for General Cesnola. Clarence Cook, the art critic, was on the stand, and his evidence bore strongly against Choate's client. During the cross-examination he developed points which tended to discredit Mr. Cook's testimony. Turning upon

the witness and shaking a quivering forefinger at him, the advocated quoted with dramatic emphasis:

"False, fleeting, perjured Clarence!"

FAMILY PRAYERS.

In the million-dollar Hurlburt inheritance case he tangled up a witness in a maze of contradictions, finally saying: "Then you told a falsehood simply because you thought it customary."

"Well, if you keep forcing me, I will have to keep going in a circle to explain," answered Mr. Hurlburt.

"Go ahead," retorted Choate. "I'll follow you to the end."

"To the end of a circle?" murmured Lawyer Parsons, Choate's opponent.

But Choate retaliated the next day, when a witness testified that the Hurlburt family had family prayers morning and night.

"Family prayers?" repeated Parsons in a

questioning tone. "Family prayers," repeated the witness.

"Yes," continued Choate, "don't you know what they are, Brother Parsons?"

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.

The clerks in Mr. Choate's law office were one day discussing in his presence the right method of obtaining success for the young man who should come unheralded to New York. The value of letters of introduction formed the chief topic. There were divers opinions. Mr. Choate was inclined to throw doubt on the value of letters of introduction. He said that when he came to New York many years ago he brought with him but a single letter of introduction, and he thought he had made a certain amount of progress.

This sounded well until some one spoke up and said: "But just what was your letter, Mr. Choate?" "Well," he said, "it was a letter from Rufus Choate to William M. Evarts."

A DEBT OF GRATITUDE.

It was in the course of the celebrated trial of Huntington, Hopkins, Crocker and Stanford, the "big four" of the Pacific coast, that Mr. Choate paid his famous compliment to Conkling —a tribute which the ex-senator deeply appreciated, coming as it did at a time when Mr. Conkling, just defeated for re-election, had taken up the practice of law in New York, in hopes of earning money enough to pay his debts and die even with the world.

"However we may differ," said Mr. Choate, "one from another, or all of us from him, we owe the senator one debt of gratitude for standing always steadfast and incorruptible in the halls of corruption. Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego won immortal glory for passing one day in the fiery furnace; but he has been twenty years there and has come out without even a smell of smoke upon his garments."

ON ROSCOE CONKLING.

In a great railroad case Roscoe Conkling provoked much laughter by reading aloud a

newspaper description of Mr. Choate. He replied:

"I do not like to lie under this imputation, and I will return it. But, gentlemen, not from any newspaper. Oh, no! I will paint his picture as it has been painted by an immortal pen. I will give you a description of him as the divine Shakespeare painted it, for he must have had my learned friend in his eye when he said:

> " ' See what a grace is seated on his brow;
> Hyperion's curl the front of Jove himself;
> An eye, like Mars, to threaten and command—
> A combination and a form indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man.' "

The laugh now was twice as great as the first.

NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTISM.

With all his pleasantries Mr. Choate is still the New Englander of conscience, culture and fervent patriotism, and the manner in which he blends these qualities with his humorous utter-

ances is sometimes most delightful. Take, for example, his introduction of General Sherman. "I do not know," said he, "that the great general of our armies drew his first breath upon New England soil, but this I know, that he has eaten so good a share of so many New England dinners that a full current of New England blood must now flow in his veins. He was a leader of New England 'hosts' long before he ate his first dish of pork and beans at your table. When following the glorious soul of John Brown that always marched on before, he led his battalions of Yankees through Georgia, from Atlanta to the sea, he was writing a genuine chapter of the Pilgrim's Progress."

THE SALOON.

Speaking at a meeting of the Church Temperance Society, Mr. Choate said:

"As I understand it, the special work of the society which I am to present is its desire to resist the evil influences of the saloons, which have been the curse of this city for so many

years, and continue so yet. There are more than 7,500 saloons, and each represents damage to families incalculable. I believe that more money is spent for drink in this city than for food or for the education of children. The law can attend to the reduction of the number of saloons, but it cannot prevent the debauching of politics, disgrace of families, and ruin to the community which is accomplished through them."

ON WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

Sometimes, when in a desperately wicked humor, Mr. Choate told this story at Senator Evart's expense: He was trying a case involving immense financial transactions, and felt unwilling to leave his client's fate to his own unaided judgment. So he brought Mr. Evarts into court with him. The senator never spoke aloud at all, but his whispered suggestions were invaluable. When the case was over, one of the young men attached to their office asked a juryman what he thought of Mr. Evarts.

"Who's he?" asked the juror.

"Great heavens!" cried the young man, "don't you know William M. Evarts?"

"Dunno's I do," hopelessly responded the juror.

The clerk gave a gasp of amazement. "There he is," he said, "talking to Mr. Beach."

"Oh, him? Him with the long nose? Don't think much of him. The only thing he said was 'I object,' and hanged if I couldn't have said that much."

IN THE SUPREME COURT.

In the New York Supreme Court one day Mr. Choate asked for the postponement of the trial of an action because he was at that moment engaged in a trial in the surrogate's court. He asked the judge to let his case go over until he had finished in the surrogate's court. He had just come across the corridor bareheaded from that court.

"No," replied the judge, "this case has been kept waiting long enough. The trial must proceed now."

"But I cannot leave in the midst of a trial before the surrogate," expostulated Mr. Choate.

"I shall order this trial to proceed at once," exclaimed the judge snappishly.

"Your honor," said Mr. Choate, speaking slowly and with icy politeness, "your honor undoubtedly has the physical power to order me to proceed with this trial forthwith, but your honor has not the legal power to order me."

The judge became very red, and immediately granted the adjournment.

ON VAMPIRES.

One of Mr. Choate's friends describes a scene before Judge Freedman some years ago. The counsel for the plaintiff, John E. Parsons, denounced the defendant insurance company as "vampires, bloodless monsters that feed on the blood of the people," etc. It was a savage address of the old-fashioned style. When Mr. Parsons sat down the courtroom seemed to buzz. Mr. Choate was lying back in his chair, with his eyes to the ceiling and his hands in his pocket. "Mr. Choate, it is your turn," said

the judge, and Mr. Choate arose, still with his hands in his pockets. "If your honor please, and gentlemen of the jury," said he, "do you know what a vampire really is? Look at the Quaker gentleman who is the president of this company. He sits there in his Quaker clothes and white neckcloth. Look at that innocent young man, his attorney, who sits next him and has a smile on his face. You thought vampires were something out of the way when Brother Parsons described them, but these are regular, genuine vampires."

The excitement of the spectators merged into a laugh and then into a feeling friendly to the speaker.

THE LEGAL PROFESSION.

At an annual banquet of the American Bar Association in Chicago, responding to the toast, "Our Profession," Mr. Choate said:

"We love the law because among all the learned professions it is the only one that involves the study and the pursuit of a stable and exact science.

"Theology was once considered an immutable science, but how it has changed from age to age!

"And then as to medicine, how its practice and its theories succeed each other in rapid revolution, so that what were good methods and healing doses and saving prescriptions a generation ago are now condemned, and all the past is adjudged to be empirical!

"Meanwhile, common law, like a nursing father, makes void the part where the fault is and preserves the rest, as it has been doing for centuries.

"So long as the Supreme Court exists to be attacked and defended—that sheet anchor of our liberties and of our government; so long as the public credit and good faith of this great nation are in peril; so long as the right of property, which lies at the root of all civil government, is scouted, and the three inalienable rights to life, to liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, which the 'Declaration of Independence' proclaimed and the Constitution has guaranteed alike against the action of Congress and of the

States, are in jeopardy, so long will great public service be demanded of the bar."

ON PORTER AND DEPEW.

At a New England Society dinner General Porter and Mr. Depew were both present. Mr Choate's face fairly beamed with delight as he extended to them a greeting that brought down the house. "I am sure," he said, "you would not allow me to quit this pleasing programme if I did not felicitate you upon the presence of two other gentlemen—those twin-rail fellows, well met at every festive board, without whom no banquet is ever complete. I mean, of course, Mr. Depew and General Porter. Their splendid efforts on a thousand fields like this have fairly won their golden spurs. I forget whether it is Pythagoras or Emerson who finally decided that the soul of mankind is located in the stomach, but these two gentlemen, certainly, by their achievements on such arenas as this, have demonstrated at least this rule of anatomy, that the pyloric orifice is the shortest cut to the human

brain. Their well-won title of first of dinner orators is the true survival of the fittest, for I assure you that their triumphant struggles in all these many years at scenes like this would long ago have laid all the rest of us under the table, if not under the sod. And so I think in your names I may bid them welcome, thrice welcome—*duo fulmina belli.*"

THE ALIBI.

In nearly all his Supreme Court cases Mr. Choate has enlivened the proceedings by his witty speeches. One of the best remembered of these was in the case of David Stewart against Collis P. Huntington for the payment of a large sum of money, which Stewart claimed was due him under an agreement with Huntington for the purchase of certain Central Pacific stock. Mr. Choate appeared for the plaintiff. Roscoe Conkling was on the other side, and he insisted that Huntington was not responsible for what his associates might have done on the Pacific coast. On this point Mr. Choate said to the jury:

"It reminds me, gentlemen, of an alibi that was introduced in another famous case. You remember when Mr. Tony Weller was called in consultation about the defense of Mr. Pickwick, in whose arms the fair widow who sued him had been found dissolving in tears, and he said: 'Sammy, my advice to you is to prove an alibi. Some, when brought to trial, believe in character and some in an alibi, but I advise you to stick to an alibi.'

"This double of Mr. Huntington under whose cover he exists and is in two places at the same time, upon the Atlantic and Pacific—my distinguished friend said it was a romance—the connection between him and Mark Hopkins—I thought, gentlemen, of that other romance, the story of 'My Double, and How He Undid Me,' and it seems that the defendant was then to undo him in this case—this Mark Hopkins, by whom he was represented absolutely, completely, and without any limitation whatever, so that you might say that when Mr. Huntington took snuff on the Atlantic coast Mr. Hopkins sneezed on the Pacific."

ON THE PILGRIMS.

Here is one of his glowing periods, the peroration of a New England dinner speech: "When that little company of Nonconformists at Scrooby, with Elder Willam Brewster at their head, having lost all but conscience and honor, took their lives in their hands and fled to Protestant Holland, seeking nothing but freedom to worship God in their own way, and to earn their scanty bread by the sweat of their brows; when they toiled and worshipped there at Leyden for twelve long suffering years; when at last, longing for a larger liberty, they crossed the raging Atlantic in that crazy little bark that bore at the peak the Cross of St. George, the sole emblem of their country and their hopes; when they landed in the dead of winter on a stern and rockbound coast; when they saw, before the spring came round, half of the number of their dear comrades perish of cold and want; when they knew not where to lay their heads—

> They little thought how clear a light
> With years should gather round this day,
> How love should keep their memories bright,
> How wide a realm their sons should sway.

"How the day and the place should be honored as the source from which true liberty derived its birth, and how at last a nation of fifty millions of freemen should bend in homage over their shrine. We honor them for their dauntless courage, for their sublime virtue, for their self-denial, for their hard work, for their common sense, for their ever-living sense of duty, for their fear of God that cast out all other fears, and for their raging thirst for liberty. In common with all those generations through which we trace our proud lineage to their hardy stock, we owe a great share of all that we have achieved, and all that we enjoy of strength, of freedom, of prosperity, to their matchless virtue and their grand example. So long as America continues to love truth and duty, so long as she cherishes liberty and justice, she will never tire of hearing the praises of the Pilgrims, or of heaping fresh incense upon their altar."

RICHARD CROKER..

In a New York State political campaign

Richard Croker gave a number of interviews to the newspapers. Mr. Choate replied to them at a mass meeting in Chickering Hall. He said:

"This cordial reception that you have given to me is almost as great a compliment as I received last week from the unctuous lips of Mr. Croker himself; for I must say that I regard it as the highest compliment for any respectable citizen to be abused by him. And there is a great deal that hangs on the fact that Mr. Croker for the first time in this campaign has opened his lips. The dumb has spoken. He never speaks when things are going in a way that suits him. He has never been known to, and I ask you why it is that this shrewd and calculating politician at this late hour in the campaign has found it necessary to open his lips.

"Well, this audience looks to me like a good, old-fashioned audience who remember things they have read in the Bible. Croker's speech and why he spoke recall to my mind the familiar story of Balaam's ass. And in two or

three points Mr. Croker reminds us of that very celebrated beast of burden. In the first place, until the ass spoke, nobody in the world imagined what a perfect ass he was. If he had not spoken he would have passed into history as an average, ordinary, silent ass who carried Balaam on his way; but when he spoke he was distinguished over all other asses in the land.

"But that is not the only way in which Mr. Croker recalls that story. Why did the ass speak? Do you remember the story? It was because he was frightened. It was because he got, as the Bible says, into a tight place, where he could turn neither to the right nor to the left. And in that situation, when he saw before him one who bore a flaming sword confronting him, at last the ass spoke; and it was in the same tight place that Croker spoke, when at last he was afraid of him who bore a flaming sword. You can tell who the young man is who bore the flaming sword that makes Croker afraid."

OLD IRELAND.

Mr. Choate seems to have an utter disregard

for consequences. At the dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, in the evening of March 17, 1893, he said:

"But, gentlemen, now that you have done so much for America—now that you have made it all your own—what do you propose to do for Ireland? How long do you propose to let her be the political football of England? Poor, downtrodden, oppressed Ireland! 'Hereditary bondsmen! Know ye not, who would be free themselves must strike the blow?'

"You have learned how to govern by making all the soil of other countries your own. Have you not learned how to govern at home; how to make Ireland a land of home rule?

"There's a cure for Ireland's woes and feebleness to-day. It is a strong measure that I advocate. I propose that you shall all, with your wives and your children and your children's children, with the spoils that you have taken from America in your hands, set your faces homeward, land there, and strike the blow!

"Think what it would mean for both coun-

tries if all the Irishmen of America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, should shoulder their muskets and march to the relief of their native land!

"Then, indeed, would Ireland be for Irishmen and America for Americans!

"As you landed, the Grand Old Man would come down to receive you with pæans of assured victory. As you departed, the Republicans would go down to see you off and to bid you a joyful farewell. Think of the song you could raise: 'We are coming, Father Gladstone, 15,000,000 strong!'

"How the British lion would hide his diminished head! For such an array would not only rule Ireland, but all other sections of the British Empire. What could stand before you?

"It would be a terrible blow to us. It would take us a great while to recover. Feebly, imperfectly, we should look about us and learn for the first time in seventy-five years how to govern New York without you. But there would be a bond of brotherhood between the two nations. Up from the whole soil of Ire-

land, up from the whole soil of America would rise one pæan—Erin go bragh."

That speech kept Mr. Choate in hot water for years. He never qualified it; never explained or modified it. It made him the target for much criticism.

III.

AFTER DINNER ORATORY.

As an orator, Mr. Choate is best known perhaps in connection with the annual dinners given by the New England Society of New York. For upwards of forty years he has almost every year been called upon to deliver an after dinner speech before the New Englanders assembled. The brief excerpts that follow will illustrate his versatility, his oratorical ability, his wit and his wisdom, as an after dinner speaker. Throughout these speeches there is the same characteristic patriotism, the love of his forefathers and the undying devotion to the historic Mayflower and Plymouth Rock.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.*

I MUST say, gentlemen, that I feel a little emboldened by the fact that I have, at the very outset, to express to you my hearty thanks for the most undeserved honor you have bestowed upon me in electing me to perform, during the coming year, the arduous duties of President of this Society. When I recall the roll of my illustrious predecessors, I confess that I feel entirely unequal to the situation. As Dr. Holmes said, when suddenly summoned to Dartmouth College to deliver an oration, as a substitute for Dartmouth's favorite son, who had been suddenly taken ill, "Fill that place! Why, no man of my dimensions can fill the place: the best that I can hope to do is to rattle round in it." So, gentlemen, as for me, if I can only rattle loud enough to keep the children of the Pilgrims awake, I shall ask for no larger measure of success. But seriously, gentlemen, if an undying faith in New England, in

* From speech delivered before the New England Society of New York, December 23, 1867.

the past, the present, and the future; and an unbounded stomach for the hospitalities of our sister Societies of St. Andrew, St. Nicholas, and St. Patrick, the eating of whose dinners is the one valuable prerogative of your President; if these qualifications can give me any fitness for the place, I shall bring them all to the service of the Society.

We meet to-night to remember only our fathers, those heroes of our race, at whose landing on Plymouth Rock the muse of History opened a new volume, "and the great bell of Time rang out another hour." When the bones of the great reformer were burned by the Council of Constance, and cast upon the bosom of the flood, a poet of that day, sure that though the bones of the man might be reduced to powder, his truth should live forever and forever, sang of him thus:

> "The Avon to the Severn runs,
> The Severn to the sea;
> But Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,
> Wide as the waters be."

So, more than two centuries ago, the venerated

forms of those Pilgrim Fathers, whom we meet to-night to celebrate, crumbled into ashes—ashes too precious to be trusted to the unstable waters—but the great East wind gathered it up, and wafted it on the wings of the morning to the uttermost parts of the land they had made their own. No mountain so high, no valley so low, no forest so dense, but that some little grains of that sacred treasure were scattered there. The dust of the Pilgrims, the sacred seed of freedom and of truth, was sown broadcast as the continent itself. The sun of God's providence warmed it, the rain of his bounty watered it; and to-day, from that divine planting, you behold the glorious harvest of free principles, free States, and free men, which we group together under the cherished name of Our Country. The passengers of the Mayflower are no longer hid in a corner. The rock-bound coast of Massachusetts cannot contain them. The whole nation shares in the inheritance of their glory; and to-night, not Plymouth and Boston and New York, alone, partake of the New England dinner; but, as the parting day falls

westward over the land, from city to city, it lingers upon many a table spread for the same banquet, upon many a company of the faithful gathered to the same communion—

> "Till where the sun, with softer fires,
> Looks o'er the dark Pacific's steep,
> The children of the Pilgrim sires
> This hallowed day with us do keep."

Now, gentlemen, we should but belittle the memory of our fathers if we lingered too long on the extreme littleness of that first beginning at Plymouth, and lost sight of the grand results that followed from it; if we stopped to examine with microscopic gaze the seed they planted, without lifting our eyes to behold the grandeur and the strength and beauty of the trees that have grown up from it. They dropped their little acorns in the ground, and now the oaks are fully grown. It is not what those poor, half-starved and wholly frozen exiles did in 1620, but what they have done in 1867—that is the lesson of the hour. What would those colonists of the first part of the seventeenth century be saying and doing now, in

the last part of the nineteenth century, if they were here, is the questions that concern us. Now, I believe the story runs that the Mayflower, after landing her precious freight, sailed back to England, and what finally became of her, tradition does not tell; but, to the far-seeing eye of history, the true return voyage of the Mayflower to the Old World was made in this very year, 1867, when the Franklin, herself a triumph of naval science, bearing the name of the most illustrious son ever born to the pilgrims, under the command of our great admiral, the head of a navy competent to blockade the ports of a continent, and with a flag at her peak to which the colors of all nations are ready tc dip in friendly salutation, sailed out from New York to visit the harbors of Europe. She touches in an English port, from which of old the pilgrim fathers fled in shame, and by stealth, and all England shouts her welcome—princes and lords, commons and citizens, vie with each other in their magnificent hospitalities to her and her commander. She touches in France, where, in 1620, the Puritan was but food for faggots, and

there imperial honors await the great Admiral. He sails up the North Sea, and the monarchs of mighty nations, that have emerged from barbarism since the pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, welcome him to their royal tables, and crown him with graces, as if he were a Viking of the olden time. And yet he was only the plain old American sailor, who might well have been the master of the Mayflower herself.

Then, again, you have Miles Standish in 1620, with but eleven followers (the whole American army of that day, and that, too, under a draft which mustered into the service every man who could stand under the weight of a musket), marching out to fight a whole wilderness of savages; but you fail to comprehend all the details of that early movement, and fall very far short of understanding the complete success of that first expedition, until you see Grant, in 1864, at the head of an American army, now swollen to eleven hundred thousand men, blazing his way with fire and blood through another wilderness, but fighting it out on the same line with Standish, in defence of the same liberty, the same justice, and the same peace,

which that gallant little Puritan captain was sent out to save.

But what would the pilgrims be doing if they were here to-day? Why, old John Eliot, in 1620, opened a school for red men, and taught them the Bible and the New England Primer; but if he were alive to-day, you would not expect to find him in Massachusetts, looking for people to be taught to read and write (there is nobody of that sort there now), but you would look for him where all the Eliots of this generation are to be found, in Alabama, and Texas, and South Carolina, with his school-room still wide open, and the same old Bible and Primer still in his hand, but teaching the black man the way out of the fiery furnace of slavery and war, up to an equal manhood and an equal hope.

Again, where would you look for the pilgrims of 1620, if they were alive to-day? You would hardly look for them in Congress. There are very few men of their stripe nowadays, even in Congress, and there is some doubt whether they could be elected to that body to-day, even in Massachusetts; but you would find them, even if

they had to join the ranks of the lobby, rallying to the support of those steadfast representatives of the national will; maintaining the supremacy of law and of order; and, at the same time, holding out the olive-branch to our wayward brethren of the South, inviting them to return on equal terms to their old places in the household. I can well imagine some wrathful old Puritan (for they were wrathful), more impatient than the rest at the long delay, shaking a warning finger at those moping malcontents, and bidding them to remember that the patience of a great nation will not last forever, and that, if war and legislation and diplomacy fail to bring them in and make them good Americans once more, we shall have to fall back on the old-fashioned, time-honored, Anglo-Saxon, New England mode of conquering adjoining territory, by moving in there with our wives and children, our horses and cattle, our sewing-machines and school-books, Connecticut clocks, wooden nutmegs and all, taking possession in the name of God and Plymouth Rock, and making the whole South another New England, as the great West already is.

Again, what would the pilgrims have to say, if they were here to-day? I think they would have something to say to the people who call them fathers, as to how they should pay their debts. The pilgrims of Plymouth had plenty of hard times, but they never used anything but hard money, and they never looked upon a debt as paid at all until it was paid in full. And yet men, claiming to be the proper representatives of New England, dare stand, almost within sound of the waves that beat on Plymouth shore, and attempt to debauch the sons of the pilgrims into a kind of repudiation of that sacred debt, the precious price of our national honor and life, tempting them to pay it something less than dollar for dollar, dime for dime. Out upon such bastards! for where is the man, with but a spoonful of Puritan blood in his veins, who, rather than suffer such national shame as that, would not have all the vessels of gold and vessels of silver in his household, and the jewels and rings of his wife and daughter—yes, and the consecrated plate of the churches themselves—melted down into bullion to coin pine

tree shillings and gold eagles for the payment of the last coupon and the last bond. Even though we had to give up all these luxuries, and must, for all time to come, eat the New England dinner with the iron spoons and two-tined forks of our fathers, and exchange these costly viands of Delmonico's for the Indian corn and codfish on which the pilgrims fed.

But there is one thing, gentlemen, that even the pilgrims of Plymouth would not do, if they were here to-night. They would never inflict upon an unoffending company of their descendants long speeches for nothing. Gentlemen, I am too much of a Puritan to go on. The Puritans were men of few words. They lived in Holland fourteen years, and that was quite long enough for them to learn the value of that good old Dutch maxim, that "Speech is silver, but silence is gold." Yet, it cannot be denied that there have been times when, even at New England dinners, speakers have got under such tremendous headway that they did not know when to stop. I have heard of one unfortunate man in particular, years and years ago,

who had such a long tale, such an interesting tale, a tale so full of episodes, to relate, that, before he got through, he was a perfect illustration of the dog in the fable, who, though he went round and round, and round again, could never get the end of his tail in his mouth. I submit, gentlemen, for your benefit, that the true rule for speakers, on occasions like this, is the one which that inimitable old Puritan, Gen. Israel Putnam, laid down for his boys as to the discharge of their pieces at Bunker Hill, to "bring your audience as close up to you as possible, to fire when you see the whites of their eyes, and then not play with the trigger any more." I have presumed on your patience thus far, merely in obedience to an injunction that was given me before I got up, by a distinguished clergyman from Brooklyn. He said he was not quite prepared to make a speech to the first regular toast, and therefore he hoped I would speak at least fifteen minutes, and make it very poor. I have endeavored to fulfil his injunction to the letter.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.*

THE great and stupendous events which have filled all these recent years have appealed so strongly to all that was patriotic and exultant in the heart of every American—the overthrow of slavery, the vindication of the nation's integrity and honor, the restoration of law, of order and of liberty—as to have made it impossible for even the most modest company of citizens (and no one will deny that that is a most apt description of ourselves) to assemble without giving vent on every occasion to the enthusiasm of the passing hour and to the irresistible pride which we all feel in the last results of the history which we have ourselves been living; and so, on many of our recent festivals, we have, I fear, almost forgotten that great "day of little things" that we meet to celebrate, and have indulged more in glorifying the achievements of ourselves, their descendants, than in depicting and

*From a speech delivered before the New England Society of New York, December 22, 1869.

magnifying the matchless virtues and the heroic sufferings of those ancient men and women who have made the 22d of December forever memorable in history. You will pardon me, then, if I seek for a single moment, most briefly to recall their glory. You who are already familiar with the pious tale will never tire of its repetition, and who shall say what incalculable good it will do these distinguished representatives of other nationalities to hear of the voyage of the Mayflower.

Driven, then, from their homes by an uncompromising tyranny which would not let them worship their own God in their own way, that little congregation of Puritans, or fanatics, or radicals —call them by whichever opprobrious title you will, for they have long since made all those names illustrious—escaped by night and by stealth, with nothing but their lives in their hands, leaving behind them everything that was dear but liberty, and sought in exile an asylum and a temporary home. Where, in the narrow Christendom of that day, could they go, and where could they look for refuge, but to Protestant Holland, which, by a century of deadly struggles, had wrested her own

liberties from the bloody grasp of Spain—Spain, the same brutal and relentless tyrant in all times, whether she seeks, in the sixteenth century, to trample out the conscience and the life of the Netherlands, or in the nineteenth, to stifle in blood the first breath of liberty in the brave but unhappy Cubans.

To Holland, then, they fled, because she was ever to share with all the oppressed the independence that she had achieved for herself. There, at learned Leyden, the scene of historic Protestant triumphs, they dwelt under the care of pious Robinson, for fourteen years, in honorable peace and poverty. But, never content away from English soil, always yearning for a new home beneath the nation and the flag which for centuries had sheltered their fathers, at last they found and seized the opportunity to remove their families and their household goods to the wilderness of America.

Behold, then, that little company of a hundred men, women and children embarking at Delft Haven in August, and courting all the perils of the sea in a crazy little bark of 180 tons, which yet had for their loyal hearts one deathless charm,

in that she bore at her peak the cross of St. George, the emblem of their native land. Who shall tell the trials and the horrors of that five months' passage over unknown waters? Forty-eight men, all told, made up the host of our forefathers, who have made this day their own forever. And those forty women that accompanied them, the meet helps of that heroic adventure, and who alone made its success certain, what tongue shall tell their praise? The modern champions of women and of the unknown possibilities of the gentler sex will search through all their theories in vain for more exalted achievements or a grander sphere than fell to the lot of these same Pilgrim Mothers.

Heaven smiled upon their stormy way, for not only did the little bark outride all the dangers that beset her, but the stout hearts of the ship's company were reinforced upon the voyage by the advent of two more little pilgrims, the pledges of that Providence who held the Mayflower in the hollow of His hand. The one, born on the stormy bosom of the Atlantic, and first rocked in his rolling cradle, was most fitly baptized Oceanus Hopkins; and the other who first saw the light as they

were coasting in safety along the sheltering shore of Cape Cod, received the name of Peregrine White; and the naming of these two little wayfarers, the one "the child of the seas," and the other "born upon his travels," is a proof how clear a thread of sentiment and of culture was woven in with the tougher fibres of the Puritan character. At last, on the shortest and coldest day of winter, they dropped anchor in the harbor of Plymouth, and landing on that solitary and memorable rock, there they kneeled down and inaugurated the history of New England, by giving thanks to Him who had brought them safely on their way and was to be their children's God to all generations.

How they suffered and sank under the ruthless cruelty of that first winter; how, when February came, only seven were left in health, to tend the sick, to close the eyes of the dying, and to bear them to their nameless graves; and how, when spring returned, only fifty of the original hundred survived to welcome her—you all know too well to be told again. But those were fifty great souls; for when, in April, the Mayflower sailed back to

England, not one pilgrim returned in her. They tarried there; and this is their glory that, in tears and tribulation almost beyond endurance, they founded a State, which we may be pardoned for calling the noblest of which the history has yet been written. For where, in the annals of the race, will you find a whole people of a million and a half of souls enjoying a more enlarged life, a more enlightened liberty, and a more successful pursuit of happiness than in glorious Massachusetts—the imperishable monument of the pilgrims' fame.

On this day, then, sacred to their memory, let there be no stint or measure to the praise and the gratitude which we pour out on the shrines of our fathers.

I cannot, in passing, refrain from calling your attention to two events of the year now drawing to its close, which, it seems to me, shed a peculiar light upon the character and fortunes of the founders of Massachusetts: I mean the completion of the Pacific Railroad, and the laying of a new Atlantic cable from the very shore of the harbor of Plymouth to the coast of the oldest mon-

archy of Europe. If Carver and Brewster and Bradford could arise once more and survey the world from the bluff in which their holy ashes lie, how would these wonders startle their astonished gaze! The original patent of the Plymouth planters extended from sea to sea. With truly British ambition, King James granted them the right of occupation from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast; and although their most daring expeditions, under the guide of the gallant Standish, extended no farther, as we read, than to Nanset, a distance of fourteen miles in the interior, behold! the eighth generation of their descendants have helped to explore and occupy the farthest limits of the first charter, have wedded the Atlantic to the Pacific, and laid a way across the continent on which Yankee enterprise may go forever rejoicing.

We always welcome, as an indispensable guest at our board, the chief magistrate of the city, without exacting from him (what, perhaps, we might not obtain) an unqualified devotion to the memory of our Pilgrim Fathers, or requiring him to swear (which, perhaps, he could not do without perjuring himself) that the codfish is the king of

the fishy tribes, and Plymouth Rock the corner-stone of the nation. And he, on his part, will find very much to pardon in us; and here we may as well confess that we have been always remiss in the discharge of our share of the municipal functions and duties. But, in truth, we come of a race that was ever reluctant to thrust itself into place and power unasked. Few of us were "born great;" fewer still "have achieved greatness;" but not a man of us will consent to "have greatness thrust upon us," on any terms whatever. Why, in the early days of the Plymouth Colony, they had to pass a law that if any man refused to accept the office of governor, when duly elected, he should be fined twenty pounds; and I am not sure that we have improved at all since then, or that it would not require a much heavier penalty to compel us to become aldermen, even though duly elected. But all this I am sure that our worthy mayor will most freely forgive.

And in this connection of our civic state I should hardly go home with a clear conscience, or feel that we had made good our ground against all comers, unless I retaliated, for a moment, some of

that good-natured abuse which St. Patrick has so freely, upon all occasions, lavished upon our undeserving heads. Few of you will have forgotten how freely he flourished his shillalah at our last dinner, and the infinite terror of some of our more timid members, who, for a moment, could not help thinking that he was more than half in earnest; and I remember that at a former festival, a few years ago, his green-isled representative had the modest assurance to offer at this board the sentiment: "The City of New York—the paradise of Irishmen." It was all the more galling because it was so true. So exactly is it the Irishman's paradise, that we should not be wrong in styling him the very Adam of the garden, and all the rest of the inhabitants of this Eden do but bear the names and take the parts assigned by him. Like our original progenitor, he came into the garden in very simple garb. But he is very soon attired in more abundant raiment and richer robes than Adam ever dreamt of. He has obeyed the original injunction: "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over the fowls of the air and the fish

of the sea, and over everything that moveth upon the face of the earth." If I could trespass upon the privilege of these clergymen, and preach a sermon from that text, I think I could say something of St. Patrick that would make his

> "Knotted and combined locks to part,
> And each particular hair to stand on end
> Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Just think of it for one moment. "Be fruitful." Is there in all the earth a fruitfulness to be compared with his? "And multiply." Can you find anything in the logarithms of Napier that is equal to doing the sum of his multiplication? "And replenish the earth." Is there any corner of this earth that he has not replenished? "And subdue it." Who of us does not daily feel his sway? "And have dominion"—dominion over whom? Why, first, "over the fowls of the air;" and by that I understand to be indicated the golden rooster of St. Nicholas, that emblem of his vanquished power, that ancient cock, driven at last from his own dunghill. And, next, "over the fish of the sea," by which of course, our own emblematic cod-

fish is typified—no longer swimming triumphantly in his proud element, but here, salted and dried and packed away for St. Patrick's consumption. "And over everything that moveth upon the face of the earth." Well, this remnant of subjection I must leave the other saints to fight for among themselves.

THE MODERN PURITANS.*

I BELIEVE it is the regular thing for all presidents to preface their inaugural addresses by an expression of their heartfelt gratitude for the unexpected honor conferred upon them in elevating them to the lofty station which they occupy, and to couple it with the assurance that under no possible circumstances will they ever again be induced to stand for the same position. But, gentlemen, you have heard from me so often both the thanks, and the promise, that I think that you will now give about equal credit to both, and relieve me from indulging in any such idle ceremony.

*From a speech delivered before the New England Society of New York, December 22, 1870.

But I do truly appreciate the honor which your flattering favor has again conferred upon me; and I cannot but call your attention to some points in which I think this lofty position resembles another, to which the eyes of all men are turned with devout attention—the Presidency of the United States.

In the first place, of all the forty millions who make up this people, but one man at a time can occupy either position. Then there is a further point of resemblance—that, although it is one of the most difficult things in the world to get a man into the position, it is, as you have found in the case of the present incumbent, almost impossible to get him out. And, then, too, both offices are very much alike in this, that the salary is altogether inadequate to the arduous duties.

If you could go with me through the distress of mind and body that comes upon me in the performance of my duties throughout the year, in your service, and could see how difficult it is to maintain the delicate balance of our relations with all these friendly and hostile tribes and nationalities, how we have to bear with smiling face

the gibes and jeers of St. Nicholas, who feels—a great mistake, as I will show you by and by—that he is the first comer, and we are the intruders; or if you could aid me in maintaining peaceful relations with our sensitive neighbor, John Bull, of whom a celebrated and somewhat irascible member of Congress has suggested that, in the present condition of our affairs, a total system of non-intercourse is the only commendable mode of getting along peaceably with him; but, gentlemen, if you could accompany me as your representative to the St. George's dinner, you would find that that is the worst possible theory and remedy for the case. And then it is worth a great deal more than the salary to maintain our proper relations with St. Patrick.

So I think you will agree with me that, taking all these things together, my office, like that of the President of the United States, requires the application of this remedy—that the salary should be at least doubled from this time forth. There is nothing, as the Secretary of the Navy advises me, in the constitution to prevent it.

There is one more point of resemblance. It is

very important for the president of this society, like the President of the United States, to have a policy of his own, and I have endeavored to avoid the rocks on which some of my predecessors have split, by adopting a very simple and easy policy, and that is, to let everybody, whether a member of the society or not, do and think and say exactly what he pleases. They may come to the dinners and stay away. They may get into office or get out. They may amuse or abuse themselves as they please, only provided they will let the chief magistrate and his dignity and personal comfort alone.

Well, gentlemen, now to be a little more serious. It seems to me that, as we have been about it for two hundred and fifty years, we ought by this time to have learned to celebrate with due soberness this great day on which the feet of the heroes of the Mayflower first smote upon the Plymouth Rock, and there gushed forth at the touch that stream of truth and of freedom which at first was only to refresh those weary wayfarers in the wilderness, but which has gone on flowing through the ages

and across the continent, ever widening, ever deepening, until at last the countless thousands of their descendants can drink from that fountain of wisdom and liberty, and renew the stream of life itself by the inspiring draught.

And now, gentlemen, let me imagine for one moment, before giving way to all these distinguished gentlemen who are so eager to address you, let me imagine for one moment that those stern and rock-bound pilgrims who landed from the Mayflower two hundred and fifty years ago could look in upon us to-night, provided only they could have succeeded in obtaining tickets to this banquet. How would their sober hearts exult and their grim features melt to see the fidelity with which their children to the eighth generation have met to-night to eat and drink in their honor. How proudly would they contemplate that fortitude, so like their own, with which on this darkest and coldest day of the year, under a shadow of a total eclipse now actually occurring, we have left our homes and all that is dear to us, and come here. Could they witness, for instance, how the men of

Brooklyn have left the soil on which they were born and bred, and, casting behind them all their household gods, have, like the pilgrims themselves, crossed the stormy waters, and come here to worship at their shrine, could they observe the extreme frugality and sobriety of this meal of which we have partaken in their honor—so exactly like the original type of a breakfast in the Mayflower, could they go a little further, and observe our daily lives in all our walks, and see how it is that we shun the pursuit of wealth, of fame, and of honor, how we court obscurity, and poverty, and loss, so be it that those around us may be happy; if they could only realize how we refuse for ourselves all the good things of this life, that these brethren of other nationalities in the midst of whom we live may thrive, could they only follow us wherever we go, and see what stiff-backed and straight-laced Puritans we still are—although I must say Puritans with all the modern improvements, how gloriously would they exult that they had not lived and labored and suffered and died in vain!

And then those stern old pilgrim mothers of ours who came out of the Mayflower—if they

could only observe these fair daughters of theirs who walk by our sides and form our staff through the wilderness, how they shun delights and live laborious days, how they scorn everything that looks like frivolity and fashion, how they refuse to think even of equality with the sterner sex, or to know any other will than that of their Puritan lords and masters, and how they abhor the remotest suggestion of sovereignty or even of suffrage, they, too, would feel that their triumph was at last accomplished, and that, in these their modern representatives, a sure and lasting immortality was secured to them.

DIPLOMACY AND REFORM.*

I SHOULD be false to all the better instincts of our nature if, in rising for the last time to discharge the arduous duties of this chair, I should fail to recall the memories of those many happy anniversaries on which we have worshiped to-

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* From a speech delivered before the New England Society of New York, December 22, 1871.

gether at the shrine of the pilgrims, or to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the overwhelming kindness which you have always showered upon me. It is now seven years since, by the untimely decease of one of your most distinguished presidents, his mantle descended upon my unworthy shoulders, and during all that period, with the exception of a single occasion, you have submitted meekly to my stern authority, and have manifested unbounded sympathy in all those melancholy emotions with which the contemplation of the Pilgrim Fathers has always inspired me. Physiologists assure us that, once in every seven years, the physical man entirely changes his structure, so that at the end of that period there remains not one particle of the fluid or one atom of the matter which composed the original individual at its beginning, but the whole man is utterly renewed; so that in that sense, at least, I may with modesty declare that I have expended the last drop of my blood and the last fibre of my being in the service of the New England Society. Inexorable time, whose noiseless tread and gnawing tooth spare

neither presidents, nor, as I see, the clergy either, has laid his silent finger upon me, and has given me the summons to join the innumerable caravan of ex-presidents (applause) who journey toward the dark and silent halls of death; that is one reason for my resignation. Another is, that I have of late fallen more under the professional discipline of my own worthy pastor, who sits by my side, and he, too, has been teaching me resignation. He told me that I was rapidly approaching that age when, as the poet says, "Every man must become either a fool or a physician," and that as I could not possibly become the latter, the only escape I knew from my becoming the former, at least in the New England Society, was to become a little more serious minded; to give up those frivolities in which we have indulged together so long; to remember whose parishioner I was, and what was the number of my pew, and to think of the sterner and soberer duties of life. These circumstances, and many others which I will not enumerate, have led me to the irrevocable conclusion, which I recently announced, to retire from the honors of the chair. I am happy, how-

ever, to think that the insignia of this office are to fall into hands that are not unworthy, that your choice has fallen upon one already distinguished in many similar fields; one who, abroad, has manifested an unfailing interest in the affairs of the country, and at home has always been ready for any service in the good old cause. I know, and you know, that he possesses all the qualities of heart and of head that will enable him to faithfully and intelligently discharge the duties of this office.

Gentlemen, I thank you all. I was sure you would turn out strong at my funeral, and I am free to say that I never saw a more respectable set of mutes than are gathered here this evening. I see by your downcast visages and your drooping eyes that the grief of this separation is mutual. Let me recur briefly to the past; for even the vanity of a retiring president may be pardoned. I have endeavored to do my duty. I have had a steady policy in view in the administration of the internal affairs of the society, and an equally steady one in regard to its foreign concerns. Internally, my great object and aim has been to

make you contented with yourselves—a most difficult task always, when you have to do with a genuine New Englander, to bring him anywhere near the region of self-satisfaction—to take that diffident, timorous, shy and shrinking mortal by the hand, and to persuade him, by argument, by entreaty, by encouragement, that, after all, he is nearly as good as the rest of mankind. To look upon this sea of upturned, self-satisfied faces, assures me that I have not wholly failed of success.

And then as to our external relations, I am happy to report that I leave them all in the most favorable and satisfactory position. St. George, I am sorry to say, is not here to-night; but I have endeavored to do him full and ample justice, adapting myself to his peculiarities. I learned from Mr. Emerson, a long time ago, that the direct avenue to an Englishman's heart is through his stomach. I have, therefore, steadily attended all the St. George's dinners since the date of my inauguration, and I may say that our stomachic relations with Great Britain are in the most satisfactory condition. Indeed, I might call your attention to the triumphs of the latest diplomacy.

You know, I suppose, that there were distracting difficulties between us and that nation. We sent over a powerful ambassador, but they got his legs under their mahogany; they dined him within an inch of his life and of the total surrender of our liberties. We retaliated by inviting a greater number of English ambassadors to this country, and we got them in the same fix at Washington that they had had Johnson in at London. I am proud to think that in the High Commission upon whom rested that duty New England was not forgotten. The result was, that after these ambassadors had dined with every one, from the President down, they acknowledged all our grievances, they promised to pay all our claims—if only we could prove them. And now the President, in his wisdom, has drawn upon the New England Society to send forth her best talent for that service.

Then, too, St. Andrew. I have lavished all kinds of attentions upon him, and I have come to a new knowledge of his character. We used to attribute to St. Andrew, and Scotchmen generally, the same merits which we boasted for New England. But instead of being the modest, retiring

individual we supposed him, so intent on sounding the praises of other people that, like ourselves, he entirely forgot to mention his own, I have found out that he is always seeking for himself a conspicuous position; and whereas he had always led us to think that, like the sons of New England, he was content to follow virtue for its own sake, I have learned from his own lips that he has just as much desire for pelf, power and place as the rest of mankind. I had always been led to believe in New England that the Scotchman has a genuine Yankee contempt for that idle bauble, the almighty dollar. On the contrary, they avow at their annual festivals that they are just as much in love with it as any one else.

Then, too, St. Patrick. He has undergone a great reform during my administration. It used to be the ruling maxim of his life that Yankees had no rights—especially in New York—that Irishmen were bound to respect. Now, however, we have turned over a new leaf; he regards us as emancipated, and is ready for a compromise.

And last, but not least, St. Nicholas is more friendly to us; he had been very suspicious of

Yankees; but now he whispers to me that he is very glad that we have come; and in the recent scrimmage in which we have been engaged, he owns that if it had not been for the sons of New England, he does not know how he would have come out.

And now, gentlemen, here we are, celebrating the two hundred and fifty-first anniversary of the landing of the pilgrims, and the sixty-sixth anniversary of the formation of our society. I shall not detain you by depicting that scene, or the sufferings or heroism which make the commemoration of this day such a sacred duty for us. But it seems to me that the only mode in which we can truly and in the highest sense honor the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers is, by exhibiting in our life and times some of the great controlling traits of their character, and I cannot but think, that in late events, in the grand outbursts of patriotism and indignation against wrong-doers which we have recently witnessed, there is something of that spirit on which we may proudly congratulate ourselves. Take, for instance, this city of our adoption and our love. You all know to what

utter degradation it had sunk. You all know how, within the last six weeks, the true spirit of Puritanism has been purifying and punging out all the corruption that has taken possession of and disgraced it. That Puritan standard, if it could be applied in all its forms, I think would bring a more satisfactory result than that which is likely to be reached. I believe if our Puritan Fathers had got hold of these miscreants whom we now have had to deal with, they would, long before this, have suffered the extreme penalty of the law. They had notions of criminal justice which, unfortunately, have been modified in modern times. In their ideas of punishment, the crime of the public plunderer would have ranked with murder in the first degree. Hanging, it seems is to be too good for them. But we can recall a memorable instance where a conspicuous criminal failed of that, and yet obtained equitable justice. You will remember that in the case of the first murderer, whose guilt was confessed, no scaffold had as yet been erected, no code of punishment against the crime established; but we read that they set a mark upon

him, and made him a fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth. That, at least, we can accomplish; and I think that the mark is already set; for into whatever quarter of the world these sinners go, they will find their photographs have been faithfully sent before them. If they take refuge in the steppes of Tartary or beyond the Chinese wall, or go north to the bleak regions of Alaska, or down to the Antarctic continent, beyond Cape Horn, they will find that the ever faithful press has gone before them bearing tidings of their villainy, and their faithful portraits from the rogues' gallery, to warn all the sons of men against them forever.

There is one idea of a pertinent nature that I think that we can safely and well apply to our municipal affairs—one that has not yet been followed to its logical result. It is embodied in the words of Miles Standish to John Alden, on the occasion of that famous courtship: "If you want anything well done, you must do it yourself; you must not leave it to others." And whatever be the new charter or new form of government which shall provide for the safe administration of our

affairs, unless we ourselves continue to hold them in our own hands, and take the responsible charge of our own business, we shall fail utterly of an effectual reform. If you want a thing well done, you must do it yourself. If you want to be well governed, you must govern yourselves, and not leave it to the first adventurer, the first politician, the first trickster who may seek to perform the office for you. But it is not alone in this city that the besom of reform is sweeping. The two great political parties seem to have vied with each other in putting it in operation. First, the one that needed it most seems to have made a step in advance; and then the other, which did not need it quite so much, but yet needed it a great deal, followed the contagious example, and is determined to root out every vestige and trace of corruption that may have crept into its fold. I know there has been hesitation in some quarters to allow the fullest and freest investigation, to throw the doors wide open; but since they heard that the New England Society itself had entered upon the work of self-reformation, they gave way. And they did not give way one moment too soon; because we

can tell them that at this time the people are in dead earnest, and any man, or any set of men, who dare to stand between the people and reform, might better stand between the upper and the nether millstones, for they will inevitably be crushed to powder; "For the mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small."

PLYMOUTH ROCK.*

THE grand and sober theme of the hour, is no less than Plymouth Rock—that historic boulder which the far-reaching scheme of Providence, in shaping the destiny of nations, transported in some remote glacial period from the frozen regions of the north to the harbor of Plymouth, to be the stepping-stone of the pilgrims to glory. My historical studies have led me to discover a certain likeness of character in all the rocks about which, for any reason the sentiments or the feelings of mankind have clustered. They are few in number. You can easily count them on the fingers of one

* From a speech delivered before the New England Society of New York, December 22, 1875.

hand. Rome had her Tarpeian Rock; England, the matchless Gibraltar; Ireland, which must always have something, has her shamrock, and we of New England the imperishable stone about which, in imagination, we gather to-night. And I think the comparison is obvious between our own and each of theirs. All strangers who arrive at Rome are found flocking next morning to the summit of the Capitoline Hill, to gaze upon that rocky ridge, so dear to the dream of the schoolboy, within whose recesses the fabled Tarpeia still sits, buried beneath the avalanches of gold and jewels with which the Sabines rewarded her treachery, and from whose top the Romans hurled to destruction the victims of their national vengeance. Certainly our stone itself is far more precious than the gold and pearls of Tarpeia, and who can deny that the high-strung morality of New England has used it for a similar purpose? There is this difference, to be sure, that since Plymouth Rock came up by the roots and was transported into the public square of the village New England hurls it bodily at those whom she condemns, and every true New Englander has armed

himself with a chip of it to fling in the faces of all who savor of ungodliness or otherwise arouse his saintly wrath; but whether dashed in pieces at the foot of the rock or crushed beneath it is all the same to the victim. And then as for Gibraltar, the darling treasure of the British heart, honeycombed with batteries, and bristling with great guns from sea to sky, against which all the enemies of England in turn have butted their heads in vain, and ended by saluting it in honor, how true a picture of the history of our own modest rock, (!) against which the prejudices, the jealousies, and the hatreds of every hostile interest and sentiment of the whole country used to batter themselves to no purpose; but at last, in the healing of hereditary strifes and sectional discords, they have joined hands in applauding it, and now cherish it with pious solicitude as a national treasure. They once even threatened to shut it out in the cold, but now from all quarters they come flocking in on the 22d of December to warm their hearts and hands in the blaze of its brightening glory. And last of all the shamrock. Shall we not—now that we are all here alone and no reporters are present

—shall we not, whispering in each other's ears, confess that even Plymouth Rock has a faint shadow of a shade of sham about it? Now that school is out, we don't mind owning that we can give our friends of St. Patrick's a heavy discount at the game of brag, and beat them on their own terms. But enough of this subject. Let us get off the rocks!

I might tell in sober earnest of the great results that have grown from the little seed that the pilgrims planted; how vastly grander these results have been than even their pious hearts conceived; how their grateful descendants have reaped from their toils and sacrifices an overwhelming harvest of plenty and bliss; how the system of education and the gospel of hard work, of which they set the example, and which they transmitted to their posterity, triumphing over their own dark superstitions and obsolete theology, have transformed the austere and gloomy life of New England as it was in their day into a fair sunshine of knowledge, prosperity, and happiness which illumines it now. But time forbids, and I will only say, in conclusion, that the Pilgrim Fathers, in laying Plymouth

Rock as the cornerstone of that great moral edifice which has grown up around it and upon it, like

> "The hand that rounded Peter's dome
> And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
> Wrought in a sad sincerity.
> Themselves from God they could not free,
> They builded better than they knew,
> The conscious stone to beauty grew."

THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY.*

We have come together for the two hundred and sixty-second time to celebrate the landing of the pilgrims upon that rock which all men now recognize as the cornerstone of liberty. But though it be a cornerstone, it will no longer do for us to say, as Cotton Mather once said, that the sacrifices and sorrows of those heroic men lie hid in a corner, because it is now settled on the highest authority that a corner is the last place in which respectable children would wish to find their parents.

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*From a speech delivered before the New England Society of New York, December 22, 1882.

It must be confessed that in more ways than one we have fairly turned the tables upon those far-away sires of ours. They shivered in the wintry blast and toiled and starved that we as a people might live. We glow with generous wine, and feast upon the fat of the land, that their memories may not die. If they could look in upon us here to-night—those high-crowned and hungry passengers of the Mayflower—they would hardly recognize us for their children. If they could listen to these our annual revels, they would rather mistake us for the sons of those roystering rollickers of Merrymount, and would send Miles Standish with his troop of eight to disperse us at the muzzles of their muskets. I don't know whether we could resist; probably we could rally behind our Great Captain and successfully oppose them.

Then, too, until 1690 the pilgrims never saw a newspaper; among them the reporter was an unknown terror, and the interviewer was to be still for two centuries an undiscovered horror. And yet to-day we spread their praise abroad upon the wings of a press that speaks with a million voices.

In one other respect, too, the age of the pil-

grims was the golden age of America, for Ovid says that in the golden age men did right of their own accord, without the fear of laws or the aid of lawyers, or the presence of the judge, and we read that in the early days of the Plymouth Colony it was the same. What a happy people they were to be vexed by no lawyers, to be awed by no judges and never under any circumstances having a session of the Legislature or of Congress!

It was not until a whole generation later that the eccentric people of Connecticut enacted the "blue laws," and here we, at the end of the nineteenth century, at the instigation of a native of Haddam, Connecticut, under the form of a Penal Code, are enacting obnoxious penalties for offences that are no sins, for which, let me say, the ignorance of the seventeenth century was the only excuse.

The venerable secretary of this society—himself the sole survivor of the company of the Mayflower, and who has brought down to our day, in his own person, the austere morality and the simple habits of his fellow-passengers—has been in the habit of declaring any time in these last fifty years that the

last New England dinner is always the best. And this unhappy company of pilgrims, who meet here annually at Delmonico's to drown the sorrows and sufferings of their ancestors in the flowing bowl and to contemplate their own virtues in the mirror of history are wont to feel as every year comes around that there is more cause than ever to celebrate the return of this great day. Perhaps this is not to be a solitary exception to the record of our annual and mutual congratulation.

A celebrated American traveler has recorded that he shed copious tears at the grave of Adam, and I suppose it was because in these days of evolution Adam was the first authentic ancestor in whose identity he felt any confidence. But we have got far beyond that; we have so thoroughly schooled ourselves to rejoice instead of weeping over the afflictions of our sires, that on this day, which records the darkest hour of their pilgrimage, we find that festive hilarity is the most appropriate way to celebrate their fearful trials and perils.

But in sober earnest, if this company will allow me to be sober for a few minutes—there is, this year, cause for solid congratulation. A great

tidal-wave of virtue and repentance has swept over the land from Maine to California. Reform in the public household is the recognized order of the day. "Honest politics are the best," is the universal cry. Look at the two great parties of the country who divide it all between themselves: how they are vying with each other to see which shall profess the loudest and which shall be first to have the credit of putting in practice those principles of polite morality and of good government which they know the people love! Even dear old Massachusetts is kneeling with the rest and is counting her beads and confessing her sins. And Congress, too, is on the stool of repentance, and I hope she may long remain there. She really seems for once to be in sober earnest, trying to go to work to save the people's money, and to take off the heavy burdens that rest upon their bending backs.

Perhaps the millennium is coming at last, and we are really going to have (as I believe we are, if this storm continues long enough) a government of the people, by the people, and not by the politicians for themselves. And then, perhaps, the first American Constitution, that was written in

the cabin of the Mayflower and signed by all the men on board, for the institution of the new government on the basis of equal laws, passed by the whole people, for the general benefit of the whole country, will become the law of the whole land. I want to read that constitution to you for my one serious word to-night, because, short as it is, it is the best Republican platform, and the best Democratic platform that any convention ever adopted: "In the name of God, amen: We whose names are hereunder written, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign King James, having undertaken, for the glory of God and the honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and bind ourselves together into a civil body politic for the better and more orderly preservation of the community, to constitute and frame such just and equal laws from time to time as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the whole country, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

When that little company of Nonconformists at

Scrooby, with Elder William Brewster at their head, having lost all but conscience and honor, took their lives in their hands and fled to Protestant Holland, seeking nothing but freedom to worship God in their own way and to earn their scanty bread by the sweat of their brows—when they toiled and worshipped there in Leyden for twelve long and suffering years—when at last, longing for a larger liberty, they crossed the raging Atlantic in that crazy little bark that bore at the peak the cross of St. George, the sole emblem of their country and their hopes—when they landed, in the dead of winter, on a stern and rock-bound coast—when they saw, before the spring came around, one entire half of the number of their dear comrades perished of cold and want—when they knew not where to lay their heads—

"They little thought how clear a light
With years should gather round this day,
How love should keep their memories bright;
How wide a realm their sons should sway."

How the day and the place should be honored as the source from which true liberty derived its birth, and how at last a nation of fifty millions of

freemen would bend in homage over their shrine.

We honor them for their dauntless courage, for their sublime virtue, for their self-denial, for their hard work, for their common-sense, for their ever-living sense of duty, for their fear of God that cast out all other fears, and for their raging thirst for liberty.

In common with all those generations through which we trace our proud lineage to their hardy stock, we owe a great share of all that we have achieved, and all that we enjoy of strength, of freedom, of prosperity, to their matchless virtue and their grand example.

So long as America continues to love truth and duty, so long as she cherishes liberty and justice, she will never tire of hearing the praises of the pilgrims, or of heaping fresh laurels upon their altar.

FOREFATHERS' DAY.*

I AM not insensible of the great honor you have done me in asking me once more to speak at this

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*From a speech delivered before the New England Society of New York, December 22, 1890.

festival and to respond again to this time-honored and historic toast of Forefathers' Day. But you will not expect from me any studied oration. The fact is, that the bubble of New England dinner oratory has been blown of late years to such vast proportions, displaying all the colors of the rainbow, and reflecting upon its bloated surfaces not only the picture of New England history which belongs there, but that of the whole country and all the rest of mankind, so that every year it promises to burst from its own size; and then I should like to know what would become of the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. So, if you will let me proceed in what the reporters are pleased to call my characteristic, old-fashioned, loose-jointed way, I will endeavor, as best I may, to revamp this somewhat threadbare and always shiny subject, the day we celebrate.

In almost three centuries that have elapsed since their stormy landing, the fame of the Pilgrim Fathers has been growing brighter and brighter. Art and eloquence and song have sounded their praises until history has accepted their landing as one of the great epochs of civilization. Basking

in the light of their glory we gather here to celebrate ourselves and one another, with occasional allusions to their merits, their sufferings and their heroic deeds. We profess to be in absolute sympathy with the founders of Massachusetts, but when I look around upon this company revelling in wanton luxury, drinking of ungodly and forbidden toasts, resting for one festive hour from the great struggle in which they are engaged, only to resume it with fresh vigor and new strength to-morrow, utter strangers in thought and in action to the practices which made up the staple of the Puritans' lives, I doubt if there is one man among us all who would not have been expelled by the edict of the church and general court from the borders of the Puritan Commonwealth.

It was the earliest and fundamental doctrine which they embodied in the law that none but church members in good standing should be admitted to the body of their liberties. How many of our names would the avenging beadle blot out on that score alone? But the rest of you would not be any better off. You need not lay that flat-

tering unction to your pious souls, because no church that exists to-day would have been received by the founders of Massachusetts as in full communion, or fit to be in full communion, with that in which they hoped to found their infant State. Even the light that shines from Princeton's towers would hardly have been rated by the Mathers, or even by Cotton, or by John Winthrop as a safe guide to follow.

Liberty of conscience, it is true, was the watchword of the Puritans, but it was not the liberty of conscience we enjoy ourselves and accord to one another. It was the liberty of conscience restrained by the iron rules of the Hebrew Scriptures, accepted without inquiry and without criticism; and so it came about that the clergy, under that rigid discipline, bound them in ribs of steel and ruled them with rods of iron, and incidentally it came about under the rigid discipline of the clergy that no lawyer was tolerated in the State of Massachusetts for more than fifty years after its foundation. Now isn't it strange, that the exigencies of our politics are now bringing into existence a new party which has adopted this car-

dinal plank in the Puritan platform, that hereafter no man who is a lawyer shall hold a seat upon the bench. And, most unexpected convert to Puritan practices, our own municipal chief magistrate, who I at least had supposed approved of lawyers, or, at any rate, of one lawyer in particular he has just appointed—Puritan of the Puritans, as he seems to be—he has actually appointed to sit at the fountain-head of the administration of justice a man who has never learned the first letter of the law, but is only skilled in spiritual things.

Before I leave that part of my complicated subject I have got to say another word for the noble profession I represent, and I think you will bear witness to the truth, how charitable and forgiving it has been, instead of taking umbrage at the insults heaped upon it by the early Puritans, at that early neglect and exclusion, how steadfastly and tenaciously have its members adhered to the fortunes of the sons of the Puritans in all the subsequent generations.

I do not like to dwell on those gloomy days. I like to come to something better and more mod-

ern. I like to recall how education in the common schools did finally emancipate Massachusetts from that gloomy thraldom of a gloomy priesthood, and established as an evolution of her history that liberty of conscience restrained only by law, the light born of knowledge that men could get was the foundation principle of her civilization. And so to-day you see Massachusetts and how she stands as free, as strong, as proud, as cultivated a community of two millions of souls as ever the sun looked down upon in all his course. Let me take but a single illustration, a contrast; the wonderful contrast which shows the change between the terrible Sabbath of the Puritan days and that cheerful Sunday which throughout the bounds of Massachusetts almost I might say now, comes as a day of gladsome rest and recreation to all her people and is especially exemplified in her historic metropolis. Books that the Puritans would have burned at the stake are open and free to all. Art ministers to the delighted eye, and eloquence and music delight the ear. Her museums and libraries are open, like her churches, for the entertainment and advancement and education of man.

Let other cities and especially this great metropolis in which we live follow her bright example. New York cannot afford to throw stones at the Puritans as long as she retains any vestiges of the ancient thraldom under which she labored, no, not until all her vast resources of art, of music, of learning, of pure enjoyment, are laid open for the weary and the heavy-laden on this best of days, which is the only day they can enjoy, and until her museums and libraries stand with their doors as wide open as her churches, co-operating together for the recreation and the benefit of her souls.

The Pilgrims builded better than they knew when in the cabin of the Mayflower they signed that solemn compact, the first instrument of constitutional government in America, by which they bound themselves to enact no laws but such as should be just the equal, and subserve the best welfare of the entire people. That was the corner-stone of republican government which they laid; that is the true foundation stone of democratic freedom.

Some of us are old enough to have followed the hearse of one great party which had survived its

usefulness, and whose leaders had apparently forgotten this glorious maxim. We have sat by the cradle, and followed, interested in all its fortunes, another great party, which, in its time, has saved the nation and rendered to it services which no tongue can utter.

May we not hope that it in turn will not forget this great maxim, which the Puritans handed down to us as such a precious legacy, and may we not hope that hereafter there will be no unjust laws, no unequal laws, no legislation for special interests, no enactments for partisan supremacy, nothing in the shape of law but what will really subserve the true welfare of the whole people.

IV.

A FAREWELL SPEECH.

THE following remarks were made by Mr. Choate at a dinner given in his honor, at the Union League Club, New York, February 18, 1899:

For the first time since I learned to speak the English language, which is henceforth to be the language of the world, I am at a loss for words. To receive such an honor as this from such men as I see gathered around me, who have seen me going to and fro and walking up and down in this city during the last forty years, is, indeed, the crowning honor of my life, and when I look around these tables, and see men whom I have struggled with in almost every cause to which this club has been devoted since its organization, I

confess I am absolutely overwhelmed by the honor you have sought to do me.

You will not expect me, harassed and overcome by the thousand duties that press upon me in these last days before my departure, to have anything like a formal or prepared farewell address to make to you. I am sure you will indulge me if, for this once, I rely almost entirely upon spontaneous combustion. But how could I fail to respond with all my heart to such a splendid demonstration of friendship and goodwill as is here presented to-night? Here have I been engaged in the activities of life, for so many decades, too often in vigorous and earnest struggle, and yet I find here to-night my oldest friends and my dearest foes united to bid me godspeed.

There are no friends like old friends. There are no faces like old faces, and I assure you, if I had known how hard it was to sever the ties that bind me to New York and to America, I should really have insisted upon spending the remnant of my days at home. I hope, I expect, to make many friends, many worthy and many valuable friends upon the other side of the water. But

how can they for one moment take the place of these? No, all the honors of life, all its prizes, all its pleasures, all its rewards, are not, in my judgment, to be compared with the good opinion of men who have known me, who have been side by side with me, all my life.

And then, that such an event in my honor should take place in this club, that this club, with which so many of the best and noblest hours of my life have been identified, should furnish a host of friends like these—why, what many memories this association calls up! What a school it has been for an ambassador who shall represent the real American in any country of the world! A school of unconditional loyalty from the beginning, a school of earnest patriotism, a school for the elevation of all that is great and good in the social and political life of America.

I recall what this club has done since 1863, when it was ushered into existence, for the elevation of the public service and public morals; how Civil Service Reform, of which you have the most lusty champion here to-night in Governor Roosevelt, found here its advocates and supporters; how

the cause of sound money has never once appealed to this club in vain. Whenever the flag of the country was in danger, the rally to its support always found a center here. And I flatter myself that, having been trained here and shared in your labor and your efforts for the public good, I have had a thorough schooling as a real American. And, to say no more of myself, I will make you just one promise—that I will return at the end of my sojourn as good an American as I go.

I believe that never before since the people of the United States ordained our great Constitution to establish justice and to provide for the common defense, to promote the general welfare, to secure the blessings of liberty, did they send any representative abroad who had greater cause to be proud of his own country or was sure to receive more hearty and more cordial greeting for its sake from which he is sent, and that will be the welcome not merely from the English Government, but also from the English people. I believe from what I have read or heard that the English people have never in the least been hostile to the people of America.

God has made of one blood these two mighty nations. Of common origin, of common language, of common literature, the English Bible and the common law have bound the hearts of these two nations together in such a union that no rivalry of interests, no exigencies of politics on either side, have ever permanently impaired it. And one thing more I want to say, which I believe from the bottom of my heart to be absolutely the truth, and that is that in that august and venerable woman who, after more than sixty years of sovereignty, still reigns supreme in the hearts of her people, Americans from the beginning have found a steadfast and faithful friend.

Now, it is true, as my friend here has intimated, that this vast and earnest friendship which has found and is finding every day such abundant expression on both sides of the Atlantic is not going to change the course of human events or human nature. It will not make water run up hill, after all. We shall have our rival interests still. It cannot but be that rivalry will be frequent, and possibly sometimes bitter, but this we do believe—from these well-springs of friendship

which have flown so copiously of late we shall contend as friendly rivals, and that all our difficulties hereafter will be settled by peaceful negotiations, and never again, I trust, by resort to arms.

But, after all, our friendship with the mother country should be only a little closer than that which binds us to the other great nations. Can America ever forget how steadfast has been the friendship of Russia for more than a century? Can we ever forget the undying debt of gratitude we owe to France, without whose aid this Republic could hardly have become a nation? Can anything tear out from the veins of that composite American ruling the basin between the Alleghanies and the Rockies that patent stream of German blood which creates men and makes us as a people so nearly akin to that nation?

V.

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES.

In view of Mr. Choate's position as the ambassador from the United States to the Court of St. James, it may be well to preserve here a list of those Americans who preceded him to that high office:

The first agents of the American Government after the Declaration of Independence were Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania; Silas Deane, of Connecticut, and Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, who were elected on September 26, 1776, to take charge of American affairs in Europe. Mr. Jefferson declined, and Arthur Lee, of Virginia, was elected in his place. John Adams, of Massachusetts, was elected on September 27, 1779, minister plenipotentiary for negotiating a treaty of

peace with Great Britain, and Francis Dana was made secretary of legation. John Adams, of Massachusetts; John Jay, of New York; Henry Laurens, of South Carolina; Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson were empowered on June 15, 1781, to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain.

John Adams was appointed minister plenipotentiary to Great Britain March 14, 1785.

Since 1789 the American ministers and ambassadors to the Court of St. James, with the dates of their commissions were as follows:

Thomas Pinckney, South Carolina, January 12, 1792.

John Jay, New York, April 18, 1794.

Rufus King, New York, May 20, 1796.

James Monroe, Virginia, April 18, 1803.

Jonathan Russell, Rhode Island, July 27, 1811.

Albert Gallatin, Pennsylvania; John Quincy Adams, Massachusetts, and James A. Bayard, Delaware, April 17, 1813.

John Quincy Adams, Massachusetts; James A. Bayard, Delaware; Henry Clay, Kentucky; Jonathan Russell, Rhode Island, and Albert Gallatin,

Pennsylvania, January 18, 1814, to negotiate the treaty of Ghent.

John Quincy Adams, Massachusetts, February 8, 1815.

Richard Rush, Pennsylvania, October, 1817.

Rufus King, New York, May 5, 1825.

Albert Gallatin, Pennsylvania, May 18, 1826.

James Barbour, Virginia, May 23, 1826.

Louis McLane, Delaware, April 18, 1829.

Martin Van Buren, New York, April 1, 1831.

Andrew Stevenson, Virginia, March 16, 1836.

Edward Everett, Massachusetts, September 13, 1841.

Louis McLane, Maryland, June 16, 1845.

George Bancroft, New York, September 9, 1846.

Albert Lawrence, Massachusetts, August 20, 1849.

Joseph R. Ingersoll, Pennsylvania, August 21, 1852.

James Buchanan, Pennsylvania, April 11, 1853.

George M. Dallas, Pennsylvania, February 14, 1856.

Charles F. Adams, Massachusetts, March 20, 1861.

Beverly Johnson, Maryland, June 12, 1868.

J. Lathrop Motley, Massachusetts, April 13, 1869.

Robert C. Schenck, December 22, 1870.

Edwards Pierrepont, New York, May 22, 1876.

John Welsh, Pennsylvania, October 9, 1877.

James R. Lowell, Massachusetts, January 26, 1880.

Edward J. Phelps, Vermont, March 23, 1885.

Robert T. Lincoln, Illinois, March 30, 1889.

Thomas F. Bayard, Delaware, March 30, 1893.

John Hay, Ohio, March 19, 1897.

Joseph H. Choate, New York, January 11, 1899.

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